

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1911

Mount Carroll, Illinois



The Frances Shimer Record

(CONTINUING THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY)

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER, AND FEBRUARY

VOLUME III Mount Carroll, Illinois, December, 1911 NUMBER 5

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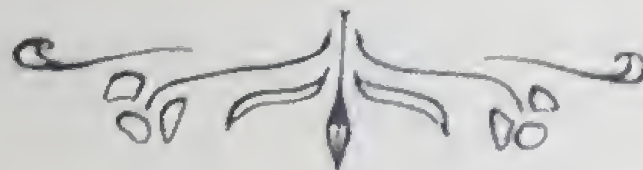
Subscription rates 50 cents a year; single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to the *Frances Shimer Record*.

Entered Second Class, March 1, 1911, at Mount Carroll, Ill., as Second Class Matter, under Post Office No. 43, July 1, 1904.
Postage paid at Mount Carroll, Ill., under No. 43, July 1, 1904.

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Friday evening, December 1, 1911, the medical authorities advised that school close at once, on account of two cases of scarlet fever. The pupils began leaving at 1:45 A.M. Saturday, and before noon nearly all had departed. During the vacation the two girls passed through the illness successfully—one at her home, one in West Hall and later at her home. Every building was thoroughly fumigated by the local official of the State Board of Health. School reopened on January 3, with no girl missing on account of the fever, though some failed to return as always occurs after the holidays. Among those who returned were the two who had been ill. No other pupil was infected. These facts account for the delay in this issue, which would otherwise have gone to press in December. It also accounts for the postponement of Commencement one week in June.



A Letter from the Philippine Islands

(Arranged by W. J. Peacock)

Mr. Carlos E. Smith, who spoke at the vesper service, Commencement week, 1911, has written a very interesting account of his stay in America. In the article, which appeared in *The Philippine Presbyterian* for November, Mr. Smith mentions his visit to The Frances Shimer School:

The Dean of the Frances Shimer School, Mt. Carroll, Ill., invited me to speak at their vesper service, Sunday evening, June 4, and I talked on Silliman Institute and mission work in the Philippine Islands. It was at the opening of Commencement week, as the Dean had preached the Baccalaureate sermon in the afternoon, so again I spoke to a crowded house. This is a school for young ladies, preparatory to the Chicago University, and the "Ohs!" and the "Ahs!" were very audible when I told them of Silliman boys, whose general average for five years had been from 95 to 98 per cent.

Other features of Mr. Smith's letter will not be without interest to many of his friends who read the *Record*. Speaking of the way Americans view the Philippines, he says:

They have a vague idea that we are way out in the Pacific, off the map somewhere, sitting on the equator, hobnobbing with "niggers and heathen." I found myself somewhat of a curiosity in my old home town where I was born and reared but have been away from for seventeen years. One old lady who has known me all my life took both my hands in hers and looking at me intently said, "Why, Carlos, you're white." "Well, Mrs. M——," I said, "what color did you think I would be?" "Well," said she, "I dunno; you've lived over there so long I thought you would be kind of black." Even my own people seemed surprised that I had not changed color, and I found it necessary to explain to a good many that I burn and peel off, but never tan.

I spoke at several high schools and the pupils made good listeners. Everyone called the Philippines—Philip-pines—long *i*—and one principal introduced me as "Mr. Smith from the PhilippIne Islands." It may be correct, but certainly sounded strange.

Members of "The Scattered Family" will appreciate the references Mr. Smith makes to Mt. Carroll experiences:

While in America I made my headquarters at the home of my brother, who lives at Mt. Carroll, Illinois, near Chicago, and I know his family must have been glad when I left—I kept their house in such a commotion and furore. The telephone was going continually and I did not dare leave the house without leaving word where I could be found. The very day I got home the Methodist minister said he expected me to speak in his church the next Sunday evening. My brother seemed a little alarmed when I consented, and I know

how strange it seemed to all the old friends to think of "Col" Smith appearing as a public speaker. Then a committee from the Y.P.S.C.E. of the Lutheran Church called and said that their topic for the same Sunday evening was the Philippine Islands and wouldn't I please give them a short talk—and I said certainly. They asked for ten minutes and I gave them nearer thirty. I was always glad of the opportunity to boost Silliman Institute.

I reached the M.E. church to find it packed, with extra seats in the aisles and people standing. Strange, but I was not the least bit frightened, and when I got started talking to a room full of old friends, why, it was the easiest thing in the world. I found it entirely out of the question to dispose of the Philippine Islands in one evening, so I arranged for a series of talks for the summer. If the minister had preached as long as I talked I am afraid the congregation would have been somewhat restless. But the novelty of the situation and my white clothes—I always spoke in white—kept them awake and they seemed interested in what I had to say. I told them how I happened to go to the Philippine Islands; of my delightful trip from New York to Manila via the Suez Canal, with stops at Algiers, Port Said, Suez, Aden, and Singapore; of my two years in the Bureau of Education, and up to the time I entered Silliman Institute in June, 1926.

The Evolution of a Hero

My first hero was not what would be called handsome or romantic in appearance. As I remember him, he was always sitting on a bench whittling sticks as though his livelihood depended on it. What wonderful whistles he could make!—whistles that thrilled me and drove other people to distraction. He was a stooped old man, with a wrinkled face and white hair, but his eyes were still bright and twinkling and his heart was one that would remain eternally young. He had an empty sleeve, too, for his arm had been shot away at the battle of Antietam. I shall never forget the war stories he used to tell me. One day my old friend died and no one realized just what his loss meant to me.

That same autumn I started to school and there I met Willie. He had the seat directly back of mine, and Oh! what a brave boy Willie was! He would draw pictures of the teacher, throw paper wads, stick pins in the seats, and perform various other edifying tricks. Willie didn't look ordinary to me then. Such trifles as freckles, brick-colored hair, and dirty hands didn't impair his beauty in the least. He was so good-natured that one could overlook his very evident stupidity. Once in emulating his example, I stuffed up my ears with chalk, so that the doctor had to be called to my assistance. The process of extraction was rather painful, and Willie fell decidedly in my esteem.

At the age of nine I fell deeply in love with one of the high-school

Seniors. He was a hero, indeed! He was the most skilful pitcher, the best vaulter, a wonderful basket-ball guard, and a general leader in all school affairs. How reverently I used to watch him as he thumped up the stairs! Once in a while he noticed me sufficiently to smile condescendingly, and then I was in the seventh heaven of delight. He graduated from the high school and was soon forgotten. In my case, at least, there was no truth in the assertion that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Soon I entered that mystical, dream-like age when all the world is colored by imagination. Whenever opportunity was offered, I secured a sentimental novel and breathlessly followed the heart-rending adventures of some Chauncey de Tracy. My ideal of that period existed only in my mind. He was a veritable "Prince Charming," a person made up entirely of perfect features, polished manners, and handsome clothes. His name was Reginald, and he was a combination of poet, artist, musician, and actor. Can you imagine what burning, eloquent eyes, long, wavy hair, and what sensitive, clear-cut features he possessed?

And so, year by year, this hero has changed in age, character, and appearance. Just now—well heroes aren't a part of the boarding-school curriculum.

GLEE HASTINGS

A Montana Adventure

Out in northwestern Montana, a few miles from the Missouri, is our ranch. Every summer Bob and I come out from the city and enjoy life on the open plain until Christmas time.

In the early days, my father, a pioneer Montana ranchman, was fortunate enough to secure a large section of land, through which runs a small creek, which never dries up like the majority of the tiny streams in this western country. The ranchhouse, commissary, corrals, and bunkhouses are all located in a low valley surrounded by sloping hills, which, in a measure, protect them from the winds which blow incessantly. In summer, these winds are often filled with fine alkali dust; in winter they are icy blasts. One soon learns to love it all; the splendid, bracing air, the sense of bigness, openness, and freedom, the glorious sunsets, and even the constant winds.

Bob and I came down here last June. Business which could not be left to the ranch overseer, or boss, has kept us here through November, and now well into December.

During the last week of November, Bob discovered that it would be necessary for him to make a trip to Glenview, a town about seventy

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miles away, to see about purchasing some cattle. At the time he received the word it was so intensely cold that I would not permit him to start until the weather had moderated somewhat. After several days there was quite a rise in the temperature, and he made preparations to start. But in the meantime I had worried so much about his taking so long a trip in such weather without a companion of any description that he finally consented to my going with him. He knows that, even though I am a woman, I can stand a seventy-mile drive across country in weather far below the zero mark about as well as the average man. Secretly, I think he was a bit relieved when he discovered my determination to go, for the lonesome drive held no attractions for him.

We took an old buggy, which we always use for such trips, and drove two of the wisest of our horses. We each wore a fur coat over another heavy coat, thick mittens, and heavy caps. After we were seated in the buggy, warm robes were packed around us. The day was clear and cold, but we were able to keep comfortable and completed the trip in a reasonable length of time.

The next morning, however, the sky was overcast; the wind was stronger and there was every indication of a blizzard. This change did not suit Bob, for he knew he was needed back at the ranch, and no delay was acceptable. He hurried through with his business, but before we could get off, the storm was raging. Therefore we were forced to put up with the inconveniences of the Glenview tavern for another day.

On the following day the snow had ceased falling, though there were still clouds. In preparation for the return trip Bob sold our old buggy and bought a sled, in which we stored away ourselves and our belongings.

Out in this open country there are no fixed roads to follow, and every time that we take a long-distance drive nowadays we find that across what had been an open trail some new settler has put his barbed-wire fences, the scourge of the cattle country. These settlers, or Hussyakers, as they are called in derision, are hated by the range owners, for with their coming pass the old times and the old freedom of miles of unfenced country for the cattle to feed over. At present the country is full of broken-down school teachers and superannuated nurses, who ostensibly come to take up claims, but, often in reality, to find a husband among the cowboys; of men who have failed to make a living in some eastern state and who are starting out again; all these go by the term Hussyaker.

We had not gone far when there was a sharp crack, the sled had broken down and Bob was compelled to fix it before we could proceed farther. In spite of the fact that the buggy Bob had sold was an old one, we had the worst of the bargain, for the sled was a poor, ramshackle

excuse for a conveyance. Twice it had to be repaired, with a distressing loss of time. The blizzard, which had merely calmed down temporarily, soon overtook us: the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero.

It had begun to seem as though we could not stand the cold and exhaustion any longer, when, just about noon, to our great joy we came to a Hunyaker's house. Bob and I went to the door to see if we could wait there until the storm had quieted. The house was a frame building, thrown together hastily and not constructed to keep out the intense cold of a Montana winter. In response to our knock a man appeared and invited us to enter. In the bare room were several small children, a pale little woman was preparing the noon meal of flapjacks, beef, and dried-apple pie. They were willing to accomodate us, though how they could have done so I do not know, but as we had feared, like so many of the Hunyakers, they had no place to stable our horses. Therefore, after warming ourselves and drinking some hot coffee, we hurried on.

Instead of improving, the blizzard grew worse. It whirled and drifted and snowed so hard that the light faded. Although it was shortly past noon it became almost as dark as night. What few landmarks there were soon disappeared. We plodded on for two hours, until finally Bob, whose expression had become more and more tense and worried, admitted that he had lost the way. The country is cut everywhere by coulees, or deep, dry ravines, into which there was great danger of slipping. Bob knew that the only safe course was to keep to high ground, so he got out of the sled and walked ahead, fumbling in the semidarkness and calling to me to follow with the team whenever he discovered the way to be safe. Led only by his sense of direction, a faculty which every plainsman has developed to a marked degree, we traveled for miles.

Finally we began to fear that the night would have to be spent in a coulee. Naturally, therefore, the relief was intense when Bob perceived a moving light in the distance. We followed the light, and soon overtook a Hunyaker carrying a lantern. He led us to his home near by, which we discovered to be far superior to our former stopping-place. Here we found comfortable lodging for the night, both for ourselves and the horses.

The blizzard lasted through the night, but during the morning cleared off beautifully, and we were able to reach home at last. I am thankful that before Christmas we are to return to town, for I have acquired a dread for these solitudes, especially during a storm. I cannot forget how near we were to being completely lost that dreadful day. I learned one lesson from the trip: never to be without a light at

night, or in a storm, for it was the lantern's flickering glow which saved us, and one cannot tell how much a light in a window may mean to some weary traveler.

MARJORIE WINGERT

Homesickness

(Suggested by Lamb's "Poor Relations.")

Homesickness is the most discouraging part of the life of a boarding-school girl—the root of all unhappiness—a thing to be guarded against—a perpetually recurring illness—an elephant's paw set down upon you—a draught of water against your well-being—a drawback in your life of endeavor—a pair of tight shoes—a rebuke to your conscience—an intolerable dun upon your pride—an unwelcome guest—a fly in your syrup—a bulldog in your pathway—a burglar at night—a tack in your shoe—not enough toast for breakfast—a stolen Crush—no letter from home—the ringing bell at six-thirty—breakfast at seven—church on Sunday—study hour on Monday—classes on Tuesday—English conference—"Gym" on Friday—French-bed when you are tired out—a squeal for lights out at ten o'clock—a ravine of unfathomable depth—an insurmountable Gibraltar—the only unneeded thing—the one great unpleasant part of this happy life.

It stealth upon you when you are alone and least expect it. It shaketh hands with you and waiteth not for a greeting. You try to ignore it, but it is a true friend and stayeth with you. You attempt to leave it behind, but it is a constant companion and accompanieth you wherever you may go. It remindeth you of what a good cook your mother is and maketh you think of your best friend at home. It bringeth up memories of happier days and entertaineth you with its sad voice. It maketh you wish you were not alive and convinceth you that you would be much happier if you were dead. It reviveth your thoughts to all past blessings and maketh you long for such blessings again. Its stay is endless, but when it doth go it leaveth you in a worse condition than when it found you.

There is only one evil on this earth worse than homesickness, and that is for one of your best friends to be homesick when you are. She may cry and you may cry, but neither can overcome the awful feeling which oppresses you. The one can say no sympathetic words to the other and in no way make her companion feel better—the only knoweth that the other one is overcome by the same trouble—the same constant longing that you are. One girl remembereth some little thing of home that maketh the tears flow all the more readily and then the other speaketh of her dear ones.

Thus, a little piece of cake which I received from home is a notable example of how badly every little reminder of home maketh one feel. It—as a piece of wedding cake that my mother had taken great pains to send me to dream over. But in my eagerness to taste something from home I ate all the cake—the best bite of anything I had had since I left home. It tasted so good that I could not help wanting more and I began to wish that everything I ate came from home. One thought led to another until I was in a very deplorably sad condition. Then I thought of how much trouble my dear mother had taken to send me the cake and how much pleasure she thought I would have sleeping over it. Then when I had let my unpardonable greed overpower my sense of honor I was filled with remorse and resolved never again to do anything that was not intended for me to do with any gift, and then I would not be filled with remorse and be—homesick.

LAVERNE BURGAN

Prisoner's Base

Who can tell all the joys of country school days—for joys they are. We cannot easily forget the days in which we quarreled over who was to be "it," and considered the question settled only when the official "boss" of the game came to the rescue. How pompous he was! How insulting in his manner! He refused to play if things were not to his liking; sometimes he even broke up one game and started another.

It was in prisoner's base that we quarreled the most; some one or other would always refuse to go on the goal when caught—thereby giving cause for lively discussion. How we loved to play it! Hardly stopping to eat any lunch, we jumped into our wraps, little caring how they were fastened, and hurried out into the school ground where we could run and run and run. We were a noisy crowd of boys and girls, shouting as we ran on either side of the schoolhouse in order to lengthen our rounds. We rushed through thickets, tearing aprons, coats, and stockings as we went—our mothers never favored this game. We ran downhill and tried to run up. With shrill "whoops" and shrieks we announced that someone had made a round. But just as we were at the farthest end of the school ground the bell always rang. Then we realized that we were tired and thirsty—Oh! so thirsty! Everybody rushed for the well, each trying to be first. If anyone got in too big a hurry, he was rewarded with a generous sprinkle. It took ten minutes for us all to get a drink; we were ten minutes late. We remember all this. We remember, too, the punishment for being late; we spent the next recess inside.

MARIE GUENZLER

Tempting the Mouse

There is nothing more simple, in the mind of the average person, than setting a mousetrap. Yet, if you stop to consider the fastidious tastes of the well-bred mouse, the subject takes on a far more serious aspect than one realizes at first thought. Having assured yourself, however, that there really is a mouse in the room, you should study very carefully the methods of catching him.

Setting the trap is a very delicate operation, because any self-respecting mouse will refuse to be caught in a trap which is not daintily set. There is as much science in spreading a tempting feast for Mr. Mouse as there is in preparing a tray for a dyspeptic. Some people seem to consider a mouse an animal which will eat anything in sight, but such unkind accusations are not true. He has his likes and dislikes as well as any other member of the animal kingdom, and being small and crafty he has a good chance to develop a taste for only the choicest of morsels. This he usually does at an early age. From babyhood he is fed upon the best which the older members of the family are able to secure, and it is only natural for him to demand the best when he starts out to seek food for himself.

The daintiest bits will not, however, tempt even an unsophisticated mouse if there is any semblance of a trap. There must be no mistaking the kindness of the person who has set out the feast, for a trap in sight is a sure sign of the failure of the venture. What mouse, even though he came from a home in the fields, would care to have word sent to his relations and friends that he had blindly walked into a snare for the sake of a few tidbits? Such a tale would excite the gossips of the community and in an incredibly short time the story would have passed from nest to nest that "Mousie So and So had been lured into a trap by means of sweetmeats which the family had never been able to afford." Then someone else would add his version of the story to the first, and soon the whole community of mice would be speculating on whether or not the nest of the poor unfortunate fellow were mortgaged. They would sympathize with his parents, for they, too, must have suffered for want of proper nourishment. Perhaps this erring son had deliberately walked into the trap in order to end his misery quickly, preferring this method to slow starvation. And so the story would grow until sympathetic talkers had turned it into a tragedy, including, in its cast of characters, all the kinfolks of the dead mouse.

But of course such cases are not the rule. It is perfectly possible for the maid—or whoever plans the deed—to go about it in such a way

as to do credit to the most fastidious of trappers. If a wee little mouse sees a splendid piece of cheese on a tray, protected only by a cone of netting, there is no reason for him to suspect villainy. He walks boldly through the hole in the top of the cone, eats the cheese, and prepares to depart—only to find to his dismay that the faster he travels toward the hole, the faster that hole gets away. This seems queer to a sensible little mouse (not accustomed to sliding stairways or crystal palaces), and he turns and runs the other way, fully expecting to meet the hole. But alas! His fate is sealed! He is doomed to stay in the trap until some kind person either puts him out of his misery or, in frantic efforts to capture him, allows him to escape.

Needless to say, this is only one instance, but it would be an endless task to relate all the captures and subsequent deaths or escapes that have occurred in the history of mice and traps, so I have given these few cases in order to show the necessity of a better knowledge of the ways of mice. A study of the methods of tempting mice should be included in every practical course of study, because as a mouse knows the ways of man, so man should know the ways of mice in order to be able to cope with them and conquer them.

MILDRED IRWIN

A Flower Parade

This flower parade which I am about to describe took place in the city of Brussels. I was only ten years old at the time, and so too young for all definite details to have been retained in my mind. However, I recollect quite plainly having stood on the curbstone of a wide boulevard and having seen what seemed to me, at that time, a magnificent, almost unreal spectacle.

Carriage after carriage passed, each decorated with the results of Europe's most competent florists. First came one covered entirely with roses; following that a chariot of exquisite carnations rode by; and so on down the long line of the parade. Some of the vehicles had even the spokes of their wheels and the horses' harness entwined with flowers, and resembled visions of fairyland rather than a sight seen in a common city thoroughfare.

In the country of Belgium a negro is so seldom seen that when one appears he is considered a rare curiosity and is greatly "fussed over." This fact was shown me quite plainly, for standing near us at the flower parade was a little boy from the Congo, and almost as much attention was paid to him as to the parade. He was dressed as immaculately as any little white boy might be, and was in charge of a very wealthy

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looking lady. Nearly everyone of the pretty "be-curved" and be-plumed female occupants of the decorated *fiacres* stopped to toss a blossom or two to the negro lad, whose little black face soon expressed radiant happiness.

Toward the end of the flower parade appeared that which, of all the impressive sights I had witnessed that afternoon, I shall remember longest, namely, a glimpse of the royal carriage. It was splendidly ornamented, but no one found time to scrutinize the outward appearance, for each spectator's gaze fell upon the renowned inmates: The Princess Clementine, now the queen of Belgium, and her two adorable little sons. The latter were about six or seven years of age and were beautiful beyond description, with their golden hair worn slightly longer than the American "bobbed" style and their pretty baby faces lightened by irresistibly lovable expressions.

CELESTINE DAIJEN



Thanksgiving Day

The Thanksgiving of nineteen-eleven was no less enjoyable than the previous Thanksgivings have been.

After breakfast there was much confusion and excitement, for the basket-ball game was to take place at nine o'clock. The girls gathered promptly in the gymnasium, with their horns, alarm clocks, tin pans, and other things which would make a noise. Crowded along one side and end of the gymnasium, they eagerly waited for the game to begin. When the two teams, the "reds" and the "blues," appeared, there was great cheering, and the girls gave yells, each for her team. Then the game began, and each player did her part well in helping her team to win. That the game was very exciting, could be seen by the way in which the girls jumped up and down and "rooted." But at last it was won by the "blues," with a score of 30 to 9.

The next event of the day was the service in the chapel at eleven o'clock. The Dean gave an interesting and instructive talk. The music, which was furnished by Miss Howard and the double quartette, was greatly enjoyed. At the close of this service the girls went to their rooms to don their "Thanksgiving dresses" for dinner.

The dinner was served at one o'clock. As the girls entered the dining-room, they saw the tables artistically decorated and arranged, and lighted only by candles. According to the usual custom, there was a table for each class and one for the Dean and his family. Dainty place-cards indicated the place of each girl, and soon all were ready to enjoy the turkey dinner.

Each class contributed toasts, which were given during the latter part of the dinner. Some of these were very clever. Among them were the following:

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Here's to the dear old College—
The College of F.S.S.

Whose glory will never perish,
And whose fame we must confess.
They are good at spreads and dramatics,
And athletics too;
And when it comes to lessons
There is nothing they can't do.

COLLEGE GIRLS

Once this was a Seminary,
Then an Academy,
Now we have a College course,
Thanks to Dean McKee;
For he's the man who does things,
That you'll all agree,
Then here's to Frances Shimer School,
And here's to Dean McKee.

SENIORS

Here's to Frances Shimer, and here's to Dean McKee,
And a toast to every member that makes up the faculty;
And here's to every Special, Freshman, Senior, Soph, and College,
And here's to all the fun we have while we are gaining knowledge;
And now a toast to everyone that's here for our Thanksgiving.
And here's to the toast you wouldn't have if the Juniors were not living.

JUNIORS

May your days be long and prosperous,
Here's luck to every lass,
Follow carefully in the footsteps
Of the learned Sophomore class.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores are green on the surface,
The Seniors are polished a bit,
The Juniors are there,
When there's fun in the air,
But the Freshmen are simply "it."

FRESHMEN

When the dinner was finished the girls sang the school song and then spent the remainder of the afternoon in College Hall, dancing.

At seven-thirty o'clock in the evening the Seniors entertained the Academy in College Hall. The entertainment took the form of a mock faculty meeting, the Seniors impersonating the different teachers, wherein their "every foolish foible was unfurled." This was very clever and

everyone enjoyed it immensely. After the "faculty meeting" refreshments, consisting of pop-corn balls, nuts, cider, and toasted marshmallows, were served. Then the girls danced until nine o'clock, and all went to bed feeling tired but happy. Surely no one can say that she did not have a good time on Thanksgiving Day.

The Closing of F.S.S.

(With apologies to Clement C. Moore.)

The night after Thanksgiving, throughout the whole school,
Not a pupil was studying, but "smashed" was each rule.
The books were piled high on a shelf very dark,
With no thought of lessons, or of a bad mark.
The girls were all talking, each one to the other,
While gladly, they thought how they would surprise mother.
The teachers were busy and all the girls, too,
And there was not a quiet one all the school through:
When up near the roof there arose such a clatter,
We went to the stairs to see what was the matter.
Away to the attic the girls swiftly ran
To bring down their trunks without aid of a man.
A big trunk had slipped from the "grasp" of a maid,
And there, upside down, on the landing it laid.
When, who to our wondering eyes should appear
But Harper and "Tommy" who'd come over here
To ask every girl if she wanted to send
A telegram home, or to her best friend.
More rapid than eagles, the girls quickly came,
They whistled, they shouted, they called out each name:
"Here's Billy," "Here's Runyan," "Here's Porter," "Here's Nay,"—
"Now Harper, you tell us, how much must we pay?"
"For a Thanksgiving spread I spent my last sou,
And now for money, oh! what shall I do?"
As dry leaves before a wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So away to "old" Metcalf the girls they all went
To see if some money to them would be lent.
And then in a twinkling, they all had come back
To see how quickly their trunks they could pack.
They threw in a party dress, then a new hat,
Some shoes and a hair-brush were on top of that.
One left out a thin dress to wear on the train,
While to crowd in a suit she struggled in vain.
A bundle of letters was dropped in the hall—

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How eagerly each girl perused one and all
The girls were all tired, the teachers were, too,
They had all worked so fast in their haste to get through.
The teachers thought each girl was safe in her bed
But, instead, she was out to a "last" midnight spread,
For Thanksgiving boxes had just been received,
And "to eat was to save them," so each girl believed.
So, though dark was each room, and out was each light,
There was but little sleep in old F.S. that night.

The "rising bell" rang at a quarter to five
And up jumped each girl to prove she was alive.
The train for Chicago was one whole hour late
And grieved was each one at this sad turn of Fate.
The bus, it drew up, the girls all piled in,
They chattered and chattered with terrible din;
The driver jumped up, to his team gave a whistle
And away they all "flew" like the down of a thistle;
But the girls did exclaim ere they drove out of sight,
"My, how exciting it all was last night!"

MARY EMILY MERRITT

Her Version

Girls, you ask me if I'm glad to be at home? Well, I can hardly believe I am actually here in my very own room. Such a time as I had getting here! It was nine o'clock the Friday evening after Thanksgiving when we first learned we were to go home. I had gone to bed early to recuperate from the effects of the night before and was enjoying myself, comfortably bolstered up with all available pillows and reading a most interesting book. At about a quarter of nine someone knocked, and when I said, "Come" (not in the pleasantest of tones, I'm afraid), Miss Knight walked in. I was told I must get up and dress, as the Dean wished to see all the girls in the chapel at nine o'clock. She stated this and nothing more. Not a reason did she give! You may be sure I was in no agreeable frame of mind as I clambered out of bed and donned a few clothes, as few as were consistent with the temperature at zero. I rushed out into the hall and tried to find what it was all about. None knew any more than I did, and after what seemed ages, the nine o'clock bell rang.

We hurried over to the chapel and found the Dean, some of the trustees, and a stranger waiting for us. All was excitement! Girls rushed in two and three at a time. All were talking at once. Eager questions flew back and forth. Finally, when there was at least a

semblance of quiet, the Dean arose, and, in a few words, told us about their suspicions concerning the illness of Miss Buck, and about having called in a specialist and, when he had confirmed their suspicions by pronouncing the illness scarlet fever, that they had decided it was best for each girl to go to her own home. Then he called upon the specialist to give his ideas, and the stranger said the same thing in slightly different words.

Then things began to happen. The excitement at first was nothing to the hubbub now. Girls were laughing and crying in the same breath; others were crowding around the Dean. All were talking at the same time and asking every imaginable question about trains, about money, and even about telegrams. At last we understood that we were to go to our own rooms and pack as quickly as possible, to go over to the bookkeeper's office at ten o'clock to get enough money for expenses, and also that the Dean would be in his office to answer all questions concerning trains.

We went to our own rooms and began packing. Of course all the trunks were up in the storeroom and the only two available men went first to Hathaway and West where most of the younger girls were. By the time they reached College Hall every girl had her own trunk down. Can't you just see me sliding mine in among and around fifty others and then dragging it down a stairway with three sharp turns? You needn't laugh! I did do it and had my trunk half packed before those men were even ready to help. Such excitement and confusion you never saw!

You know we are allowed to have Thanksgiving boxes, but we don't get them until the Saturday evening after Thanksgiving. Well, of course everyone who wanted her box went over to the kitchen to get it that night, and there was the fun of unpacking those to add to the general stir. My box was a wooden one and I hunted the hall over for a hammer. At last I pried off two of the boards with a coat-hanger and managed to pull out the contents. In the process I covered couch and floor with excelsior, and nuts rolled from one end of the room to the opposite side. Luckily, everything would keep except a cake, some white grapes, and candy. These I stuffed into my suitcase, which by this time was fairly bulging, for into it I had crammed everything of which I could possibly think.

The thought came to me, What if there should be a party and my trunk hadn't come? Into my suitcase went a party dress, slippers, and even silk hose. It did not enter my head what I should do for everyday clothes. At length when I had collected my wearing apparel and

other belongings scattered through a half-dozen different rooms and had them nearly packed or rather thrown in my trunk, Miss Hobson came up and asked us how we were getting along. She said the lights would go out in fifteen minutes. To say that a scramble ensued would describe the next proceedings but mildly. I had managed to make myself presentable between jumps and now rushed the last things into my trunk, locked and tagged it. I addressed and stamped an envelope, in which to send my trunk check, and left it with one of the teachers. Then I went back to my room and attempted to put it in order, but it seemed to me an endless task and I gave it up. I went down into one of the other girl's rooms, and when in a few minutes the lights went out we said we were going to get a little rest. But I think we had forgotten the meaning of that word.

About one o'clock Miss Knight called the girls in College Hall who were going on the one forty-five train and told us to go down to Miss Hobson's room. She had made some chocolate in her chafing dish and she and Miss Knight served it with fresh rolls. Oh, but it all tasted so good!

The hack had been ordered, but four or five of us couldn't wait and started off, heavy suitcases and all. I couldn't count the number of times I changed mine from hand to hand or set it down, but we reached the depot somehow. Our tickets were all ready for us and we paid our money and had everything settled by the time the other girls arrived. After that it wasn't long until the train came. It seemed ages, however, before everybody was on and the train really started. But at last it did move and I was actually on my way home. And now, here I am, and you must tell me the plans for Xmas.

MARGUERITE MORRIS

When the Early Bird Was too Early

"Now go right to bed so you can get up early," my roommate said as we parted at the Union depot and I boarded the train which was to take me home.

"All right," I answered, but even then I knew that the excitement which I had undergone and was undergoing would not permit me to get many hours of sleep. As I unpacked my suitcase preparatory to retiring I could not keep from wishing that I had sent a telegram warning my parents of my arrival, for—and then all kinds of vague forebodings filled my mind and a sense of unrest which was to remain all during the night took possession of me.

After arraying myself in the conventional sleeping-car costume I lay in the berth and tried to read several chapters from a book which at any other time would have held my interest spellbound, but then it only served to intensify the feverish state of mind which I was in, and, in a few minutes, laying it aside I buried my head in the pillows preparatory to going to sleep.

I must have been half asleep for at least an hour for I remember planning how I would arise early in the morning in order to have the dressing-room alone and then I could make a fairly presentable toilet before reaching the city. At any rate I finally did fall asleep and so far as I know I slept the sleep of the just except for the fact that the blankets were so short that every time I went to pull the cover over my arms my feet were left uncovered and vice versa. Surely there are disadvantages in being tall!

I awoke with a start. Surely I must have overslept. Could it be possible that I was nearly home and would not have time to make of myself a vision of beauty before reaching my natal city? I pulled up the shade. Faint streaks of dawn were beginning to purple the eastern horizon (per my favorite authoress). It was still anything but light, but I recalled the fact that when we arise at six-thirty at school it was sometimes so dark that I thought it was night and would start saying my prayers, so I judged that it must be about six o'clock then. The train was to arrive in Louisville at seven. That would only give me an hour in which to get dressed, but still I could dress twice in that time at school. Thinking accordingly I took my suitcase and softly tiptoed to the end of the car. Oh joy! not a soul was up. I could have the dressing-room all to myself for at least a while. Pulling aside the curtains I entered, laying my clothes at random over the room, for I had plenty of time and I intended to make the most of it. I washed carefully, even taking time to play a while with the cold-water faucet and see if I could by placing my finger on it make the water reach the wall on the opposite side of the room. I likewise arranged my hair with elaborate care, taking it down a second time after trying in vain to make it resemble the coiffure of a girl I had seen in Chicago the preceding day.

"I wonder if there is any air in here," I thought, as the longer I stood up the sleepier I became, and having assured myself that there was, I decided that as I seemed to be the first one up I would not go into the car for a while but would amuse myself in some way until someone else came in, and then I would know that I was nearly home. Putting my comb, brush, and several other articles back into the suitcase I looked around for something to do. The handle of my pocket-book protruded

from beneath the folds of a garment, so drawing it out I carefully counted my earthly wherewithal to see if by any chance the suspicious-looking individual occupying the opposite berth could have robbed me. No, she had not, for it was all(?) there, and then suddenly a new and heretofore unthought-of idea entered my head. Suppose my fond parents were not home. What would I do? And I thought of a pathetic book I had once read entitled *Thrown on the World*. Of course I had relatives in the city to whom I could apply for help, but Aunt Kate had so many mean children whom I didn't like and Aunt Mary always tried to make me tell the whole family history. No, I had far rather roam the streets as a beggar than cross their thresholds in need. Ah! a bright idea came to my befogged brain. I should apply for a position as a French maid. Of course I didn't know very much French, but I could always manage to say "Bon jour, madame" and "Au revoir" and that with a few other phrases such as "Aimez-vous votre rosbif saignant au bleu cuit?" would enable me to hold my position until the return of my parents. If that failed I could even be a cook, for what family could resist the delicacy of eggs à la golden roil and potatoes au gratin as prepared by your humble servant?

These ridiculous thoughts, which you doubtless know were the products of a dazed and half-asleep intellect, were broken by a voice saying, "Tum on, mother's 'little angel. Is it nearly asleep? Well we'll be home in just one minute, and then it can sleep all it wants," and a woman possessed of more than her share of *avoirdufois* entered carrying a little brat who was crying at the top of its voice. "Heavens!" thought I, "here while I have been dreaming we have gotten almost to Louisville, and this woman has already donned her hat and coat." I dived into the suitcase, pulled out a powder puff, and hastily dabbed at my nose. Just then there was an abrupt jolt, the "enfant terrible" gave an ear-piercing shriek, the train stopped, and the fat lady, grabbing her villainous offspring by its arm, said in the sweetest of cajoling and endearing tones, "Bless its little heart. We're home now in dear old *Kokomo*, and muvver's angel tan do to sleep," and they departed.

"In dear old *Kokomo*!" more than five hours' ride from my happy home and here I was dressed and ready to leave the train except for my hat and coat. Yes, doubtless "muvver's angel" could go to sleep, but could and would I after making such an elaborate toilet undo the work of my hands? Never! Not even if I sat there on my suitcase till morning, and turning on the cold water I placed my finger over the faucet to see if I could make the stream hit the ceiling.

SOPHIA POOL.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Miss Dixon (in Ancient History class, expecting for the answer, "A body guard"): "What surrounded the king?"

Adele: "A robe."

M. B.: "Miss Boyd, when I have a new piece may I learn one I like very much which is called *Because*? I have read it out and like it very much."

Miss Boyd (mystified at name of composition): "You may bring it in next time."

M. B. produces the *Berceuse* from *Jocelyn* of Godard.

Heard in the corridor: "Have you been studying this last period?"

"Oh! No; I've been in the library."

News to history scholars: Drake conquered the invincible Armada in 1588.

Discovered in Carlos' notebook:

"My head is sad and weary
And my thoughts are far away—
My eyes are red and teary
And my brain has gone astray.
Lessons give me awful worry,
Teachers have for me no charm
Till I wish, the months would hurry
That return me to the farm."

by the time Saturday night comes the wear and recreation is not only a pleasure but a necessity as well.

Add to this the thought that a uniform for the school has been discussed and what would school life be? A daily grind of lessons and study without even the eternal question of "What shall I wear?" to relieve the monotony.

Doubtless you will say: "Yes, but the uniform would indicate the spirit of neatness in a girl." Is a girl is not naturally neat no time or while Peter Thompson sits on earth is going to make her that way. In fact, on the contrary, it would only serve to draw a sharper contrast between the neat and careless girl.

It cannot be denied that some girls do plan a very attractive wardrobe for school life. "And it cannot be helped," someone has said. It is stipulated in the catalogue that no altered hange are allowed among the girls, and there have been few exceptions to that rule. Why not have elaborate gowns barred in as rigid terms, and then allow the girls to keep their freedom in dress which is so desirable an element in a school of this size?

College Ball Notes

Saturday evening, January the twentieth, a musicale was held in the drawing-room by the College High girls to christen the new piano, a Christmas gift to the school from one of the Trustees. The entire school was invited, and a most delightful program rendered, the following girls taking part:

Julia Wayland—Piano solo
 Aileen Harrow—Reading
 Gladys Weld—Tombstone solo
 Vesta Martin—Song
 Mary Emily Merrill—Violin solo
 Virginia Platt—Reading
 Helen German—Piano solo

After the program the girls cleared the drawing-room and danced the remainder of the evening. Punch was served in the dining-room between dances.

Senior Class Notes

The Seniors have organized their class with twelve members. Several meetings have been held and the following officers were elected: President, Mary Seaman; Vice-president, Dorothy Wright; Secretary and Treasurer, Irma Rungren. The colors chosen were brown and gold, and the flower, a yellow tea rose. Miss Payne was chosen class counselor.

Sophomore Notes

The Sophomore class has had a number of meetings this fall and the following elections are the outcome: President, Celestine Dahmen; Vice-president, Gertrude Shaw; Secretary, Vivian Lowrey; Treasurer, Mabel Hughes; Counselor, Miss Don. Besides these, the class also decided that buff and white and daisies would be the colors and the flowers championed by it this year.

Freshman Notes

Much to the regret of the Sophomores the Freshmen have had several successful meetings. The following officers were elected: President, Elizabeth Sjöholm; Vice-president, Melanie Weill; Secretary and Treasurer, Dorothy Miles. Purple and white were chosen for class colors and the violet is the class flower.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The Y.W.C.A. extends to each and every old member its most hearty greetings for the New Year. It wishes you success in your ambitions, joy in your work, and a renewed faith in all that makes life rich and glad.

Saturday evening, October 14, the social committee of the Y.W.C.A. entertained the Association very pleasantly, in College Hall parlors, in honor of the new members. The time was spent in playing various guessing games, for the correct solution of which prizes were awarded. Ice cream and cake were served.

The Association sent as delegates to the State Convention at Peoria in November, the president, Ann Grimes, and Kathryn Garrettson. Their report, which was given at the regular prayer-meeting, was very interesting and contained many new ideas for increasing the efficiency of the work in our own Association.

The Thanksgiving "Free Will" offering, which was larger than that of any previous year, was used to buy food and clothes for the needy.

A social afternoon was spent shortly before Thanksgiving in making bags to be contributed to the National Sunshine Society. Those who did not have time to make bags gave handkerchiefs and other small articles which could be easily sent to shut-ins.

The meetings of the past semester have been unusually helpful and inspiring. The membership and the attendance are also encouraging. The following are the topics used at the weekly meetings during the first semester:

dark green, mottled with transparent colors with glaze effect. The result gives variety in effect as to view from different points in the room with the green, red, and blue and brown mingled. The dado is very dark brown. The general effect is to add dignity, as well as beauty, to an otherwise very attractive auditorium. The Trustees appreciate very much indeed the interest which the school as a whole has shown in this rather unique enterprise. They feel justified in the extraordinary expense, as the work done is permanent. After three heavy coats of lead and oil, the whole work was covered with a coat of starch to protect the paint from any possible dust.

Southwick Recital

On January 12, President Henry Lawrence Southwick, of the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, Mass., gave *Othello*. This was the first occasion on which the Assembly Hall had been used by the public after its recent decoration by Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Mr. Southwick was met with unfavorable weather, as the cold wave was in evidence, and the attendance was reduced from outside. The audience, however, was reasonably large and the interest good.

Exchanges

The Record received a generous response to its request in the last issue and it is exceedingly glad to welcome all magazines. Those received were: *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Almanack*, *The Breeze*, *The Young Eagle*, *The Tradesman*, *The Polaris*, *The Red and Black*, *The Ogontz Mosaic*, *The Jabberwock*, *The Lake Erie Record*, *The Rockford Ralla*, *The Picket*, *The Picayune*, and *The Western Oxford*.

The Young Eagle, from Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis., is a most attractive paper. It is well balanced and bespeaks a healthy school spirit. The literary department is especially good.

The Picket, of Shepherd College, seems to be lacking in verse. "How Uncle Richard Played Santa Claus" is a clever short story. Why is *The Record* not mentioned in your list of exchanges?

"Indian Summer," in *The Lake Erie Record*, is a charming bit of verse. "Literature and Religion" is an article well worth reading.

We are always delighted with *The Jabberwock*. The October issue has an excellent editorial on reading the books of the school library.

The students of Wendell Phillips High School have an excellent magazine in *The Red and Black*.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mary E. Hall, of Evanston, Ill., in sending her subscription speaks appreciatively of *The Record*.

Hazel Cooper, '11, is studying domestic science at Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria.

A letter was received not long ago from Blanche Phillips, class of '05, from Hood River, Ore.

Mabel Merriman, of Chicago, a pupil in '05-'06, was married some months ago to a Mr. Rhodes.

Mrs. Theresa Fourn Lyman, '96, now resides at Castelar, Colo., where her husband has land interests.

The address of Mrs. Louellyn Rogers Shackleton has been changed to 3309 Park Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Viola Thomas Wade, of the class of '76, has taken up a homestead near Coeur d'Alène, Idaho.

Erma Weill, of Chicago, who was at the school in '02-'03, was married on December 20 to Dr. George Rubin.

Sarah Mackay, class of '02, has a position in the department of psychology in Vassar College for next year.

Mrs. Jessie Matkin Fisher, of the class of '01, Danville, Ill., writes of the birth of a little daughter in October.

Frances Durham and Geneva Eacker have entered Wesley Hospital, Chicago, to take the nurses' training course.

Ruby Hughes, a pupil in '04-'06, of Mishawaka, Indiana, visited her sister Mabel at the School at Thanksgiving time.

Frances Roberts, '11, visited the school at Thanksgiving. Miss Roberts is also attending Bradley Polytechnic Institute.

A letter was received recently from Helena Griffis from Cayey, Porto Rico, where her father, a surgeon in the army, is stationed.

Ada and Ruth Ahlswede, formerly of Chicago, now reside in Pasadena, Cal. Ada is a student in Leland Stanford Junior University.

Margaret Lawson, '94, is teaching at Fargo, N.D. Her home address is now 1511 Chelmsford Street, St. Anthony Park, N., St. Paul, Minn.

Sarah Hostetter, '78, who will be remembered by many as pupil and teacher, sends a subscription to *The Record* from her home near Mt. Carroll.

Martha Green and Zella Corbett, the first graduates of the Junior College of the school, are now in the Senior College of the University of Chicago.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Rose Glass, '99, writes of the change in her address to 1012 N. 41st Street, Seattle, Wash., and of receiving a visit from Beth Hostetter, '02, who is teaching in Annie Wright Seminary, in Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Minnie Fourt Betz writes that her address will be Sacaton, Ariz., care of Pima Boarding School. Her husband is in the government service and has been principal of this school for the last three years.

Beulah Bondy, formerly a student at the school, inclosing subscription, writes of private teaching done in Valparaiso, Ind., and of her expectation to take a permanent position in Willcox Academy, Vernal, Utah.

Winifred Seeger, '11, sends subscription from Lincoln, Neb., where she is attending the University of Nebraska. Miss Seeger is a reporter for *The Rag*, the daily University paper, and is to write a story for *The Annual*.

A card has been received announcing the marriage of Florence, daughter of Mrs. Flora Dinchart, of Slayton, Minn. Mrs. Dinchart visited the school last commencement in connection with the reunion of the class of '71.

Nellie Foster, '07, is spending the winter with Mrs. Hazzen, in Lynn, Mass. On her way East she visited at the home of her cousin, Jessie Pottle Brownell, '02, in Newark, N.J. Mrs. Brownell's husband is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newark.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb., gave a New Year's party on the last Saturday night of the old year, as has been their custom for years, to a large company of friends. Mrs. Clara Ferrenburg Dungan, '06, Hastings, Neb., was present and sang several numbers.

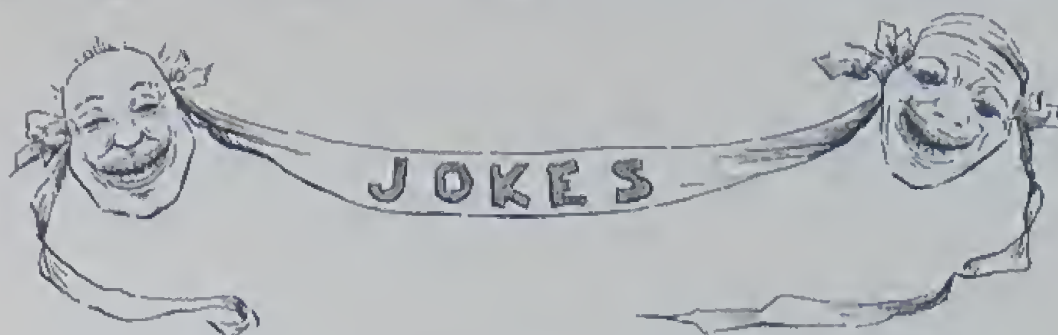
A pleasant letter from Dorothy Trask, of the class of '10, states that she is spending the year at her home at Las Esperanzas, Mexico. Miss Trask taught last year, and during the summer took a trip by water to New York. She recalls with pleasure her school days at Frances Shimer School.

Jeanne M. Boyd, '09, now a teacher in the school, spent December 8 and 9 in Peoria, where the musical comedy, *The Motor Maids*, was given, for which Miss Boyd wrote eight pieces, arranged seven others, and made orchestrations for all. This comedy will be produced again in Bloomington, Ill.

My Divinity, written by Miss Boyd, '09, and Miss Seeger, '11, was given in Fremont, Neb., at the Larson Theater, December 20, to a large audience. Very extensive and appreciative press notices were given







"I'm so mournful, for they say,"
Sobbed a Frances Shimer lass,
"Just because I am a Special
That I haven't any class."

No, *lay* and *lie* are not synonymous. One could never say "*Lies of Ancient Rome.*"

Miss Bickelhaupt late—
Sad to relate,
The girls don't wait for her.
Her wrath is great,
She seals their fate.
The girls dare not demur.

If Bill Seaman writes a note to Day, will she write another one to-morrow?

Notice on Music Hall bulletin board: Lost—In April—
VEDA HERBST

Miss Connor: "What degree did Milton take at college?"

L. H. "B.D."

Miss Connor: "No, A.B."

L. H. "Oh yes! it's Bill Seaman that takes B.D."

Celestine (after being caught in Vivian's closet in study hour):
"Oh! I feel so sheepish."

Vivian: "Well, no wonder! as you room with a Lamb."

Miss Dixon: "Where is Persia?"

A. B.: "Where it always was, I guess."

From Domestic Science: "The most valuable constituent of milk is calcimine."



BORROWING AND LENDING

Neither a borrower nor a lender be
For loan oft loses both itself and friend
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.—*Shakespeare*

No, these lines were not written by any of the *Record* staff, although the sentiment expressed in them might lead one to believe that the author was familiar with the habits of boarding-school girls, but it is not recorded that Shakespeare ever attended a young ladies' seminary, and it was fortunate for him that he did not, if the above portrays his true state of mind on the subject of borrowing and lending.

"I want a new hat," a certain girl remarked the other day.

"Why you have only had that one a little while," answered her roommate.

"Yes, but I—— has worn it so much that I don't feel as if it belongs to me any more." And I wonder if she realized how much truth there was in her words.

Every girl strives to have certain little individualities of dress and manners, and it is perfectly natural that she should, but how can her clothes retain their individuality if she lends them among her best friends? It is undeniably hard to refuse to lend an article, but if you would maintain for yourself the reputation of neither borrowing nor lending how much better it would be and what an example you would set for others. "But they would not follow it," you say. The girl next door is no more anxious to lend her Sunday hat than you are, and it would be exactly the same with everyone else. Try it and see.

UNIFORMS

There is bound to be a certain sameness about boarding-school life. Each day is a repetition of the day before; there is a tiresome round of breakfast, study, lunch, study, dinner, and study hour, and so on until

Junior-Senior Sleigh Ride



An invitation to a sleigh ride is always received with pleasure, but when the summons comes to each Junior and Senior from her respective counselor, Miss Boyd and Miss Payne, the pleasure is enhanced threefold, for both of these counselors are noted for their novel and delightful entertainments.

Suffice it to say there were no refusals, and on Saturday evening, January the thirteenth, at 6:15, a crowd well representing both classes met in the students' parlor of West Hall. Two large sleighs conveyed the girls on a trip through our thriving little metropolis and its environs. To increase the pleasure of the occasion class yells were given and several appropriate little ballads were rendered by the classes *ensemble*; the only thing marring the effect of the rendition being the fact that they did not keep *ensemble*.

After viewing with no lack of civic pride the landscape surrounding Mt. Carroll, the merry parties retraced their steps homeward (they did not get out of the sleigh), where their nostrils were greeted by the delightful aroma of Welsh rarebit issuing from the depths of chafing dishes presided over by Misses Boyd and Payne and Miss Don, counselor of the Seniors' fellow-suffering class, the Sophomores. Besides Miss Don, Miss Boyd and Miss Payne were assisted in serving by the Freshmen counselor, Miss Weatherly. Following a course consisting of Welsh rarebit, olives, and salted almonds, ice cream, candy, and café noir were served. Each girl in the Junior class received with her ice cream a white rose, while each Senior was the recipient of a yellow one. The miniature sticks of candy were tied in the class colors, blue and white for the Juniors and brown and gold for the Seniors.

After partaking heartily of the refreshments an impromptu dance was held in the reception room of College Hall.

It was with a feeling of gratitude to their respective counselors and their assistants and a feeling of good-will toward each other that the members of both classes left College Hall that evening.

- September 22. Work of the Association. Leader, Ann Grimes.
 September 29. What Will You Do With Jesus Who is Called the Christ?
 Leader, Mrs. McKee.
 October 6. Fireside Meeting. Leader, Mrs. Allen.
 October 13. Breezes from Lake Geneva. (Report of the Student Conference.)
 Leader, Stella Grau.
 October 20. Value of Bible-Study. Leader, Mary Emily Merritt.
 October 27. The Good Samaritan—Neighborliness. Leader, Ruth Anderson.
 November 3. Organized Charities. Leader, Mabel Dougherty.
 November 10. Reports of Delegates to State Convention. Leaders, Ann
 Grimes, Kathryn Garrettson.
 November 17. Student Problems: Our Work, Laverne Burgan; Our Time,
 Margaret Middlekauf; Our Friends, Dorothy Creager.
 December 1. The Work of the Y.W.C.A. in Other Schools. Leaders,
 Intercollegiate Committee, Julia Brittain, chairman.
 January 12. Leader Miss Dixon.
 January 19. What Is Worth While? Leader, Irma Runyan.
 January 26. Some Famous Cathedrals. Leader, Miss Knight.

The Assembly Hall

When Metcalf Hall was erected in 1908, the walls of the Assembly Hall were purposely left untinted, hoping that later on the school might be able to go to the expense of having the walls decorated in a permanent fashion. More than a year ago the Diversion Club, consisting of members of the school, took up the question of the decoration of these walls. Their entertainments, given through the year, brought in various sums of money which were turned into the school treasury for the benefit of this fund. Other moneys from other school enterprises were also added, until last June the Trustees felt justified in putting the item of \$550.00 into the budget, the expectation being that the Diversion Club, aided by other school entertainments, would, during the year 1911-12, be able to bring the total of their earnings up to half of the sum named, the Trustees thinking it reasonable to charge the other half to the school treasury.

The contract was made with Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, early in the season, and on December 11 the men began work. It was completed and ready for the girls on their return, January 3. It is hoped to present pictures of the chapel through *The Record* in due time, so that friends far and near may get some idea of the beauty of the walls. The ceiling is done in old ivory; the wide frieze being of the same color, but adorned with a Greek design in some deeper shades. The body of the walls is paneled between the windows, the general effect being a medium

The Breeze, from Cushing Academy, is very interesting. It could be improved by the addition of a few poems. Where is the exchange column?

Among the new exchanges is *The Ogontz Mosaic*. We are pleased to find it exceptionally good from a literary standpoint.

The Ferry Hall Almanack comes as an old friend. Frances Shimer and Ferry Hall have much in common. The editorials in *The Almanack* are always well written and of a kind that applies to every boarding-school girl. "Fuzzy Wuzzy," in the November issue, is an especially good short story.

"The Carrier Pigeon" deserves special mention. It is published in *The Tradesman*, of the High School of Commerce, Boston. The cartoons, too, are very clever.

The Rockford Ralla offers prizes for the three best short stories. "The Call of the Spring," which received first prize, is very good. Some of the Freshmen themes, however, are immature, even for college Freshmen.

The Picayune, from Minnesota College, has most attractive cover designs. "Let Us Give Thanks" is deserving of special mention.

The Polaris, from Freeport (Ill.) High School, does not seem to have serious literary intent. The stories are rather "cheap" and flavor of the "dime novel romance." Jokes and reports are not the only things that go to make up a school paper. A magazine should represent the school. We are sure your high school is better than your *Polaris* would lead us to think.

To all exchanges: Frances Shimer is spelled F-R-A-N-C-E-S S-H-I-M-E-R.

The Scattered Family

Mary D. Miles, '98, is spending the winter in California.

Norma Jones, '11, is attending the University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Ruth Deets Miller, Sunnyside, Wash., visited Mt. Carroll in December.

The Record acknowledges Christmas greetings from Edith L. Gould, Eaton, Ohio.

Mignon Sharp, a pupil in '05, is now located in New York City, 510 W. 124th Street.

Lillian Whitmore, '11-College, is at Leland Stanford Junior University this year.

A note from Mary Tapscott Edmunds, '95, states that they are now living at Bandon, Ore.

Miss Cora C. Tardy, who will be remembered by many as teacher of expression a few years ago, is now teaching at Mt. de Sales College, Macon, Ga.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Helen Welsh, class of '09, to Albert Wieland. They are at home at 815 Oxford Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

Mrs. Susie Miles Campbell presented to the school in October a very fine photograph of the memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer in the chapel at Wellesley College.

An interesting letter from Ellen Melendy, '10, speaks of meeting Jessie and James Campbell in Los Angeles, Cal. She is spending the winter in Pasadena, Cal.

Miss C. Adele Rankin, a former teacher, has a position this year in the Iowa State College, in Ames, Iowa. Miss Mildred McLean is teaching in the same school.

Rev. John E. Ingham, a student of the seminary in very early days, passed away November 20, at Lincoln, Neb. He was for many years a home missionary in Nebraska.

Miss Don, instructor in expression, gave a recital of "King René's Daughter," by Hertz, in the school auditorium on November 25, assisted by Miss Knight and Miss Weatherly.

Friends of Nellie Bussey Smith, of the class of '00, will regret to hear of her death, which occurred at Dixon, Ill., on October 12. She left two children, a son and a daughter.

Texa Jordan, of Wheeling, W. Va., spent a month in Mt. Carroll with her aunt, Miss Mary Arndt, and her cousin, Mr. George D. Campbell, the Treasurer of the school, and other friends.

The Register-Leader, Des Moines, Iowa, states that Mrs. Mary Irvine Greenleaf, of Ardmore, Okla., was an interesting holiday visitor in Des Moines, the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. H. Reichard.

Announcement of the marriage of another member of the class of '09 has been received, also. Myrtle Lewis was married on November 15 to Clifford E. Wheelock. Their address is Champaign, Ill.

Susie Matkin, a pupil in '06-'07, has charge of the music department in the Montana State School for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, at Boulder, Mont., and is pleased with her position and with the country.

Mrs. Millie Pebbles Moore, a pupil in '86-'87, is corresponding secretary of the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her address is 127 N. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

it in the Fremont papers. Laura Wolz, '11, sang the leading part. It will be given at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, on January 31.

The following account of a play, *The Elopement of Ellen*, given by the Diversion Club on October 28, appeared in a local paper: "Those who attended the play at the Academy auditorium Saturday evening are loud in their praises of the production. The play was a clever farce, and there was not a dull moment. All did especially well. Miss Seaman and Miss Garrettson made most charming lovers, while the Misses Buxton and Platt played equally well their parts as sweethearts. Miss Grimes and Miss Hausen delighted everyone in their rôle of the newly married couple. Miss Edna Olaison was easily the star of the evening, playing the part of the embarrassed and eccentric rector. Her work has been spoken of as being exceptionally fine."

